

11112



R. N. Sharma

SONGS IN PRAISE OF NARAYAN

सम्पादक रवीश्वर झाजी त्रिमल-दशरथजी-

कौशा दुर्ग सम्पत्ति -

अभिज्ञान राजेश्वर नारायण झाजी



Handwritten signature or mark in the bottom right corner, possibly in Devanagari script.

SONGS IN PRAISE OF NARAYANI

R. N. SHARMA

Translated by

V. K. JOSHI

Copyright © 1982 R. N. SHARMA and V. K. JOSHI

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording or any information, storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from V. K. Joshi.

Printed by :
Bishwanath Dutt
at The Eureka Printing Works (P.) Ltd.,
Godhowlia, Varanasi.
(India)

Published by :
Eastman Company
45/39, Naibasti
Luxa, Varanasi.

Cover Design : Bloom Advts, Assi. Varanasi

Price : Rs. 10

Translator's Foreword

Although no translation can be a substitute for the original, it can, to a great extent, capture the subtle nuances of the poet's fleeting moods.

In the present work the translator has tried to reveal the psyche of the poet. He has been successful in his attempt.

V. K. JOSHI

February 1981

CONTENTS

Foreword by : Sumitranandan Pant

Dedication

POEMS :

- 1 Victory I Goddess of Speech and Wisdom
- 2 We all welcome in joy
- 3 Enter, O Goddess I
- 4 O Mother, whose beloved are you ?
- 5 O Mother, Since what time
- 6 Forever be your Victory
- 7 O Mother, even if the myriad of
- 8 Because of your concern for
- 9 Mother, stir up a flame
- 10 Upon the floral bed
- 11 O Mother, your love is immeasurable
- 12 Who is Gauri
- 13 You, bestower of

Glossary :

FOREWORD

This collection of sweet and inspiring songs by Shri Rajendra Narain Sharma is full of his devotion for Mataji. In it, the poet has painted the cosmic being of the Mother with delicate and graceful strokes of the brush. Each song of this collection reflects those radiance, love, ecstasy and peace which the mother bestows upon a devotee unasked. Dr. Sharma's collection of songs reveals the inmost sentiments of the heart. His lyrical verses voice both, his desire for self-revelation and the awakening of the world-consciousness. That is why he invokes the cosmic force of the mother. His song :

Mother, stir up a flame unique,
Opening the third eye of Lord Siva,
Splitting through the azure skies,
Like a flash of lightning descending upon earth
With a terrifying wreath of flames.

The same anguish of the poet's heart has found expression in many more verses. That touches our very hearts. Here are numerous verses which give a complete and ecstatic description of the entrancing cosmic beauty of the Mother, of ecstasy which makes life worthwhile, of radiance which dispels darkness, and of the unfathomable peace. The Mother has been depicted in the forms of Bharati, Lakshmi and Kali by the poet in a spirit of complete devotion and with the help of heart-moving words. A reading of these verses purifies the heart and makes us believe in the existence of Power which is full of love and compassion. Our hallowed beings are then filled with hope for a brighter future for mankind. Dr. Sharma's style is spontaneous, chaste and lyrical. His devotion for the

(ii)

Mother has endowed him with great poetic inspiration.
A number of his songs confirm this observation.

Enter, O Goddess, like a beam of light,
The heart of darkness
Let my thirsty soul be slaked
With sweet and condensed pieces of the verses.
Touch my forehead with your soft and tender feet
And bless me, O Goddess.

* * *

Let me offer at those two feet of yours
These flowers of feelings and this sandal paste, cool and
fragrant,
The voice of your poet would then spread through the sky,
Singing in praise of your glory, O Mother
Let this brief life be merged in those feet
And let the purpose of my life be clear to me.
Give me shelter in your expansive lap, O Mother
So I may attain infinity
The realisation of the Nature whose glory
Will deliver the suffering humanity and will sweeten the life

* * *

Upon the floral bed of the sleeping world
O Mother, who is the one, then,
That wakes up
The virgin of the Primordial Consciousness ?

A number of such examples can be quoted from
this short but important verse collection, because of its rich
emotional content, where the poet reveals his imagination,
his emotional world, his faith and devotion.

I also offer with the poet my reverence at the feet
of the Mother and give rest to my pen.

— Sumitranandan Pant

DEDICATION

Open ! Open, O Mother,
The eye of the lotus of my heart,
So I may know you.
The eye of Science is tired and cannot know you;
So are lost all invocations, mantras and tantras.
Some take up the Vedas in fraction.
There are some who can look beyond the empirical world.
I'm in the midst of this conscious ecstasy
Trying to churn out the consciousness supreme;
Making futile attempts at knowing the quintessence
Of self-realisation.
Let your empathy fill up the vase
Of the suppressed sob of your child, O Mother,
So even after composing these new verses in your praise
I may not sing these songs.

—Rajendra

1

Victory ! Goddess of Speech and Wisdom, victory !

Your ample breasts are full with nectar
And are decked with a snow-white wreath,
And your feet are the white lotus flowers in bloom:
We look in wonderment !

Your hair is as the clouds in the cerulean sky;
Your soft and tender hand is raised in benison,
Your sweet smile is beautified by the light of
the full autumn moon.

2

We all welcome in joy
Your vina, priceless, nonpareil;
And that embodied sound is full of echo and
meaning;

Full of beauty and sweetness of the sentiments
in shades nine eternal

From whence emanated the inarticulate
verse of the first poet of Creation.

We greet you ! O Creator of the Sounds new
everyday

Whose art is always intuitive-sublime and is
reflected in the eternally new notes of graceful
music.

Waking in the abode of Primordial Imagination
Whose art gives forms, perfect and elegant to
words.

Setting us free from the trammels of nescience
We greet you ! O Light devoid of grosser
qualities of the being.

3

Enter, O Goddess ! like a beam of light the heart
of darkness:

We imagine you to be the source of the Primordial
Sound.

You are, O Mother, form cosmic and image
immaculate

Eternally new and beautiful as is a luminous cloud.

Whose image does your inexhaustible sweetness
reflect ?

O Mother ! you are the majesty of thoughts eternal;

You are the sweet Incarnation of Love

And in the dark, tender eyes of the world,

You are all faith and confidence.

Your vast arms encircle the whole creation

And your undying and inexhaustible love
contains all opulence.

Your love flows in the form of a stream in the world;

And you are, O Mother ! mellifluous of compassion

You are like a burning flame and are like some
golden radiance.

You are like a vestal maid of Selene from ethereal
regions.

Enter, O Goddess ! like a beam of light,

The heart of darkness.

Let my thirsty soul be slaked

With sweet and condensed pieces of the verses.

Touch my forehead with your soft and tender feet

And bless me, O Goddess.

Let your poet be initiated into
The profound message of those eyes.

So

On Her glance do I give up all my ambitions and
longings in life.

Let me offer at those two feet of yours
These flowers of feelings and this sandal paste, cool
and fragrant;

The voice of your poet would then spread through
the sky

Singing in praise of your Glory, O Mother !

Let this brief life be merged in those feet,

And let the purpose of my life be clear to me.

Give me shelter in your expansive lap, O Mother,

So I may attain infinity:

The realisation of the Nature whose glory

Will deliver the suffering humanity and will sweeten
the life.

Let the light of the ultimate wisdom

Be born in my heart in form, tender and new,

So the bruised and impure thoughts of this

Material world are rendered ineffective.

Praise to you ! Praise to you !

Let your glance for ever triumph over everything,

O Mother !

4

O Mother, whose beloved are you ?
Ever young, ever virgin;
You are in the form of Bliss Divine;
And the soul companion of breath and life :
Chastened this infant-mind
Is the worshipper of your lotus feet.
The God of yoga is within you;
Within you are the songs of the spring
And even this enraptured self longs for
Everlasting efflorescence in you :
When in that love-contest,
Lust lost the battle and you won,
Poured on this creation then from your
eternal heart,
The shower of your songs.

5

O Mother, since what time immemorial
 Has the rosiness of your feet spread over
 The vapours of my breath of life ?
 In the eastern horizon, the first ray of light
 Cooled by the touch of the fragrant sandal, as
 The snow-covered mountain peaks.
 "Why couldn't it hitherto enter the penetralia of
 life and mind ?

Oh ! The rosiness of Mother's feet !
 The morning spreading over the world
 Is like Her reflection.
 And the whole creation was lost
 On viewing whose charm
 Oh, Mother, The rosiness of your feet !
 What to say of India, the land of seven oceans;
 But something beyond the horizon;
 The barriers of races, religions and faiths
 Could not contain that,
 Oh, Mother, The rosiness of your feet !
 It will today adorn the forehead of mankind
 in a new way.

You were the first to stir the love in the heart of man.
 When the Night put a garland
 Of the stars of the sky round your neck
 You were thrilled and you infused her then smilingly
 With your majesty.
 Oh, Mother ! The rosiness of your feet !

6

Forever be your victory, O Mother India !
So long are the sky, the horizon and the solar system,
So long the sun rises in the East
And thereupon the swift, bright rays are absorbed
dancing.

Till then let this heart
Have its sacred origin in your compassion, O
Goddess.

You are sandal wood and
Are the musk fragrance of the wood;
You are the whiteness of frost;
You are the adornment of the whole Nature;
You are the one whose breaths make
Sandal wood cool and fragrant;
You are the chain of holy snow-clad mountain
peaks and dense forest ranges, full of the herbs of
the medicinal value

Whose verdure is spread everywhere;
Whose sight gives bliss to all your
Beholders on earth.

You are the heavenly abode on earth,
Whose head is adorned with a diadem of snow-
clad mountain peaks

Whereupon falls the bright moonlight.
Beneath your feet is the ocean blue
Which rising everyday in devotion fathomless
Washes them and is freed forever from fear.

The dark and watery clouds form the outer fringe
of your sari

Your affection is like a shade luxuriant and cool

Your breasts, full of the milk of love

And your lotus feet when seen in the light

Issuing from the burning essence of the lotus
flower

Are enough to delight greatly, us,

The infants of the world.

Your glance is compassion incarnate

And absolves the world from sin.

Blessed are those who had a glimpse of yours,

Wherein lies the deliverance of

The suffering mankind.

You are the Force, conscious and boundless;

You are the burning fire for the weal of the world;

You listen to the voice of the unselfish love.

Why not, O Mother, should the freedom of the
world be born at your lotus feet ?

O Mother, your embrace making us fearless does not

Differentiate betwixt the rich and the poor

Just as the splendour of the moonlight

Delights and soothes equally the eyes

Of all the chakors of the world.

Who guards the honour of Mother but a son
puissant

You have, O Mother, countless sons

Let all sins and fetters of curses be burnt

By your glance, refulgent and youthful.

Mother Divine, the originator of the Aryan race and
the tender of well-being

Let your voice spread through the world
So even the grossest being be charged with
consciousness.
And whatever is evil and ugly
Be charged instantaneously into things
auspicious splendid :
Oh, Mother India, victory to you !

7

O Mother, even if the myriads of blazing suns
 Rise up together in the eastern horizon,
 They will fade before the radiance
 Emanating from the nails of your feet.
 O, You mass of Light Condensed
 Fair Himvan shows only, but your glory
 And even the moon in the welkin reflects
 But your sweet smile.
 Even the waters of the Ganges and the Yamuna
 In their sweet and soft murmurs sing
 But your song and convey your message divine to
 the Earth.
 You are a ray of golden light of the horizon;
 None has realised so far your sweet prosody and
 your roseate smile completely.
 O You, possessor of immense wealth and power,
 Who says you are weak and helpless !
 All Arts and Crafts in the world
 Boast of their attainments because of you.
 You are the concentrated luminosity of
 The consciousness of the macrocosm
 And in those rays flows constantly
 The stream of nectar.
 You are the unflickering flame of life
 Over which the moths do not hover:
 You are, O Mother, a smokeless fire

And can never blacken the earth and the sky.
You have been burning long like sacred soothing fire
In the inmost heart of the world,
Driving away the thoughts vile from the firmament
of life.
You are the very Incarnation of Forgiveness bright,
That is why you forgive the countless sins
Born in the mind of man.
Your presence is as is the presence of
Gay and beautiful Lakshmi in the
Vast wood of the lotus flowers in full bloom.
So long mankind does not
Surrender itself by laying its
Head upon your feet, till then
Pain, sin and poverty will never
leave the world.

This cool form does not become your elemental
nature;

For overcoming the darkness of the universe
Marches the concourse of swift and bright rays
The songs of the birds echoed through the whole
welkin

Leaving their nests and flying away.
O, You, sleeping boon of the eternal Truth
consciousness.

Wake up; O You ever-blooming argent flowers of
the adornment of the Supreme:

Wake up,
Let the waft of your Grace fragrant
Spread everywhere and the bosom of the earth be
verdant ::

So under its cool and comforting shade
Life, Death and old age do not afflict human beings.
The dreams splendid : both, of pleasure and of pain,
Lie in undisturbed and silent slumber
And dissolve finally in the innermost recesses of
their own hearts.

There are a number of splendid and urgent
yearnings in the heart

With their eyes shut and their tongues without words;
I lie listless : drunk with the wine of poesy :
All of them lie prostrate at your feet.
With their love stories in their hearts.
Seems it : as though the very ocean of compassion.
Slept because of the past suffering.
In perfect calm, unruffled by the waves.

9

Mother, stir up a flame unique
Opening the third eye of Lord Siva,
Splitting through the azure skies
-- -- Like a flash of lightning descending upon earth
With a terrifying wreath of flames.
In the invisible stars of the daytime;
And smoke rising up every moment from embers
Can blacken the whole universe.
Whenever driven they by Her breaths
Fall on the bosom of the earth
They singe and cause blisters.
Let those derelict broken goblets—
From which even the last drops have been consumed—
Be filled again : with the pungent life-wine.
The only thing I can offer to you in oblation now
Are some rapidly vanishing tear drops,
And even they wouldn't be enough for a garland.

10

Upon the floral bed of the sleeping world,
On the closed eyes of darkness
Who descends like a dream-light and culls frost ?
Who is the one that wakes up then, O Mother,
The virgin of the Primordial Consciousness ?
Like someone intoxicated, in the sky,
Whose garland is the galaxy of the stars
And whose entity the darkness of the night conceals
Holding the moon like a silver goblet bright:
The selfsame entity is
Something elusive and mysterious in darkness;
The one who consecrates the damsel of the night
with the elements sublime
O Mother, who is the one, then,
That wakes up
The virgin of the Primordial Consciousness ?

12

Who is Gauri ? Who is Krishna,
 Who is like a row of lighted lamps ?
 Sorrows lachrymose of a woman
 Offer reverence of tears,
 Weaving the threads of the world-sorrow
 Like a network of the blue rays.
 The one to whom the light bid adieu
 Was the blackness of the dark fortnight;
 Rising up like a spire of smoke
 From the dark mouth of a volcano.
 Holding in hand a broken cupel of longing;
 Who goes among the unblossomed petals of mind;
 Why does this Bhairavi go war-frenzied
 Round and round the life's battle-ground like a
 Kapalika ?
 The pearls of compassion were worthless
 If they did not reflect Her splendour.
 Who is the one who plays like a nereid
 In those oceans ?
 Time has attained timelessness in it
 And what is the Present is the Past in it
 Although in wisdom she is Maheshwari,
 In her action swift and nimble she is Mahakali.

13

You, bestower of all good, O, You, all victory !
 Narayani, I fold my hands in greeting before you !
 O, You, Mind Supreme,
 A symbol of bliss, consciousness and truth
 Rising above this mundane self
 In beautiful and infinite abode of the Mind
Supreme
 With the radiance of a thousand suns ablaze.
 Who was that being Supreme
 Whose abstract form first inhabited the being of
the first man ?
 All things are one in You from time immemorial:
 The Past is free from resolves and determination
 Time and Space are one for ever;
 Even the Supreme Lord of absolute Consciousness,
Siva,
 Is bound eternally in your love;
 Without you as companion
 Even the Supreme lord, the essence of the world,
 Who puts a garland of snakes round his neck,
 Will be powerless.
 You are the first sound of the anklet musical;
 You are the song in all the scriptures;
 You are the supreme verse in all poetry;
 In all seasons You are like the spring
 Even when Siva dances his cosmic dance
 With his Damru making a tune,

He borrows some notes of music from you.

You are now in the form manifest

Of some Primordial Consicousness supreme.

Science makes vain attempts at

Fathoming the ocean of knowledge, O, You,
unknowable !

**You are the essence of some enlightened
poet's experience personal;**

You are the beginning, the middle and the final idea.

GLOSSARY

1. **Narayani** : The Primal Energy manifestation : nothing existed before her : the supreme goddess of creation : the primal, supreme, supra conscious being from whom emanated all created objects : she who cast out of her own self even the lord of creation, Siva; the Primal Energy absolute.
2. **Kalika** : Another name for Durga.
3. **Durga** : A Hindu goddess : the wife of Siva.
4. **Gauri** : Spouse of Siva.
5. **Maheshwari** : She represents the power and personality of the same Narayani but she is seated above all the empirical world.
6. **Mahakali** : The warrior goddess, the one who has won all the battles.
7. **Mahalakshmi** : The sweet and wonderful opulence of the universe.
8. **Mahasaraswati** : The goddess of all wisdom.
9. **Krishna** : The same Gauri (Parvati) in her warrior mood : her fair complexion changed to a dark hue when her fury was aroused against the evil forces.
10. **Bhairavi** : Another name for the warrior goddess.
11. **Chakor** : A kind of bird (said to feed on moon beams).
12. **Vina** : A type of stringed musical instrument.

13. Damru : A musical instrument : a symbol of evolution and involution in conjunction.

14. Siva : The third god of the sacred Hindu Trinity, who is entrusted with the work of destruction; as Brahma and Vishnu are with the creation and preservation of the world; also a symbol of Supreme Bliss in scriptures.

15. Himvan : (Hindu myth) The mountain god (the incarnation of the spirit of the Himalaya).

Notes : (i) There are different manifestations of the same power according to the Indian concept of some gods and goddesses. Lord Siva's spouse has different manifestations.

(ii) The four personified powers of Narayani are expressed in four different manifestations :

(a) Maheshwari, (b) Mahakali, (c) Mahalakshmi, (d) Mahasaraswati.

"Dr. Sharma's collection of songs reveals the inmost sentiments of the heart. His lyrical verses • voice both, his desire for self-revelation and the awakening of the world-consciousness."

Sumitranandan Pant

"Shri V. K. Joshi has skilfully captured the elemental soul of poetry in his translation."

R. N. Sharma